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THE *Lehigh* REVIEW

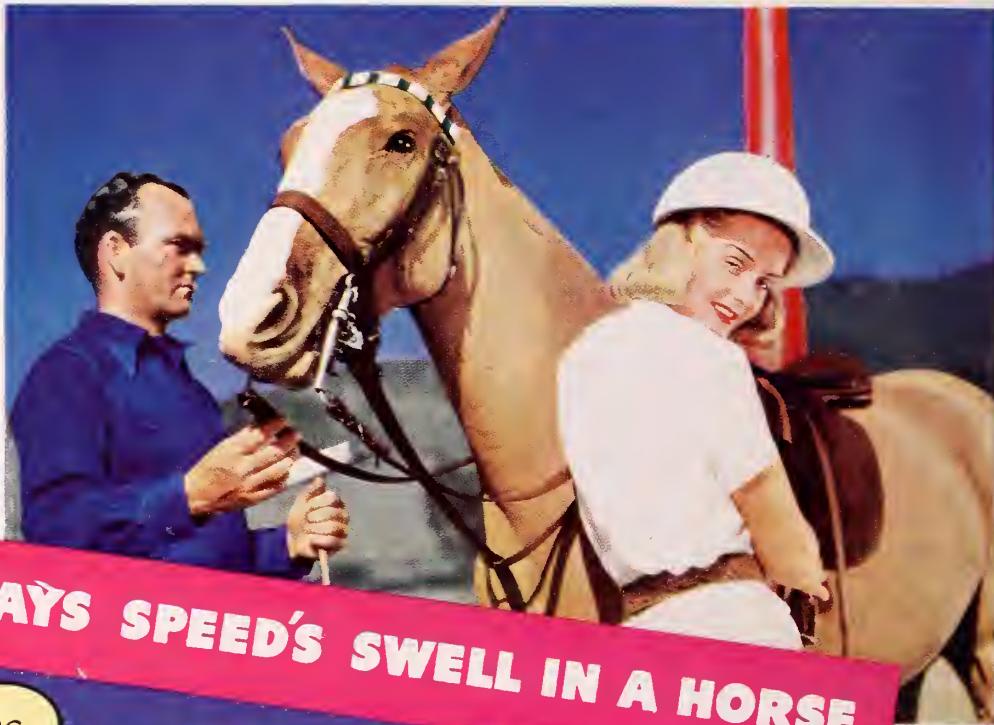


• MAY, 1940 •

• A collection of the best college fiction, humor,
and cartoons of the year from the Jacko, Tiger,
Record, Widow, Nassau Sovereign, and others •

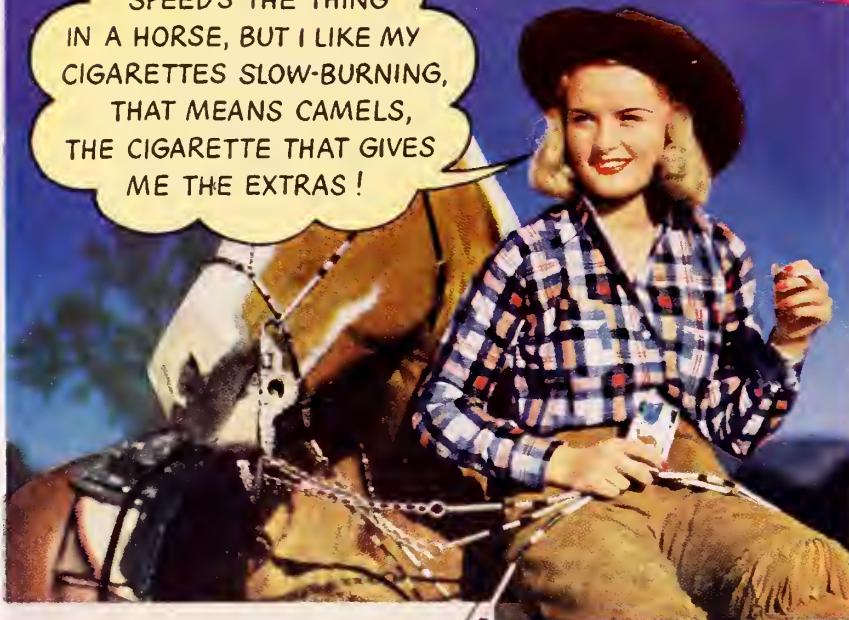
—Twenty Cents—

OUT IN SANTA BARBARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.



PEGGY SAYS SPEED'S SWELL IN A HORSE

SPEED'S THE THING
IN A HORSE, BUT I LIKE MY
CIGARETTES SLOW-BURNING,
THAT MEANS CAMELS,
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES
ME THE EXTRAS!



PEGGY McMANUS (above) has won numerous cups for "all-round girl"...studied ranch management at the University of California. She's a swell dancer, swims, sails...is a crack rifle shot...handles a shotgun like an expert. She picks Camels as the "all-round" cigarette. "They're milder, cooler, and more fragrant," Peggy says. "By burning more slowly, Camels give me extra smokes. Penny for penny, Camels are certainly the best cigarette buy."

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF
...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested — slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



5
EXTRA
SMOKES
PER
PACK!

...but the cigarette for her is slower-burning Camels because that means

Extra Mildness

Extra Coolness

Extra Flavor

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST—people feel the same way about Camel cigarettes as Peggy does. Camels went to the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd and the U. S. Antarctic expedition. Camel is Joe DiMaggio's cigarette. People like a cigarette that burns slowly. And they find the real, worth while *extras* in Camels — an extra amount of mildness, coolness, and flavor. For Camels are slower-burning. Some brands burn fast. Some burn more slowly. But it is a settled fact that Camels burn slower than any other brand tested (see left). Thus Camels give extra smoking...a *plus* equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack.

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels — the cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos

Passing in Review

COLLEGE QUEEN

The girl on the cover is Tess Margerum who was recently selected Pennsylvania's college beauty queen in a contest sponsored by Paramount studios. A gal from every state has been selected and the final choice from the 48 queens will go to Hollywood with possibilities of stardom. Tess is a freshman at Moravian and so the Lehigh students who have been griping about the woman situation in Bethlehem have been overlooking acres of diamonds.

Tess comes from Chestnut Hill which is a part of Philadelphia as if you didn't know. She thinks Moravian is tops and says that Lehigh is all right too. Bethlehem didn't get such a high rating, she doesn't think much of it as a town.

She is studying medical technology which seems an awful waste of beauty. It is sort of like robbing the public to have her stuck away in some dark laboratory.

The magnolias floating so ethereally about her face are part of the tree down by the flagpole. That's where the picture was taken.

EXCHANGE ISSUE

The **Review** this month is attempting something different—different for the **Review** at least—by presenting a hodgepodge, crossection, or what have you, of collegiate publications. The idea being to acquaint Lehigh with the contemporary endeavours of other college magazines. The **Review** doesn't set itself up as a judge of what is good and what isn't or anything of the sort, but we do believe that this issue contains a pretty accurate picture of what is read on other campi.

The keynote of all of the more successful and better known magazines continues to be, as it always has been, humor. It has been said and often repeated that the best humor in the country originates in college publications. The truth in this is borne out by the fact that the humor of the better commercial magazines such as **Esquire**, **New Yorker**, **College Humor** and so forth show a very definite collegiate influence.

COLLEGE TRENDS

Recent European developments have furnished a gold mine of material for campus wits. The attitude is satirical, slightly bitter, but on the whole, amused at the tragic-comedy currently presented on the European stage. Now that events are becoming more tragic than comic this attitude will probably change.

Oversaturation of sex which predominated a few years ago has been diluted considerably. College editors have learned in the most part how to distinguish between smut and humor. Sex for sex's sake is definitely out in the better publications. This doesn't mean that there isn't plenty of good risque humor but this is a different substance than filth.

Absurd and grotesque situations are the foundation of the cleverer cartoons. College art has gotten away from the old ineffective illustrated joke and today the whole story lies in the drawing.

A favorite hobby of most of the college magazines this past winter was the printing of polls and quizzes. The **Review** had a poll on student opinion if you remember. They are a lot of fun and you can prove practically anything with them if they are handled right.

The **Review** wishes to express its sincere thanks to all the college magazines that made this issue possible by giving us reprint privileges and cooperating in every way.

ONCEOVER LIGHTLY

Two of Bethlehem's infamous urchins were on a Third Street corner the other night. They were discussing Life—and not the magazine. A girl came along. Just a plain ordinary garden variety type of Bethlehem girl. One of the urchins croaked to the other, "Watch me give her da Lehigh onceover."

His glance swept up from her ankles, lingered, swept up a little further, lingered, reached her face, looked boldly into her eyes. The girl passed. The glance moved downward, lingered on the swaying hips, moved downward and gave the ankles a last caress. The urchin then gave vent to a low, sibilant whistle. Da Lehigh onceover.

THE *Lehigh* REVIEW

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Bethlehem, Penna.

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Exchange Issue

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The Lehigh Review is published by the students of Lehigh University and is entered as second class mail at the Post Office in Bethlehem, Pa.

The price is twenty cents the copy and 1 year is \$1.50.

The names of all characters used in short stories and serials are fictitious. Any similarity or identity of these names with actual names is entirely accidental.

● LEHIGH MARCHES

Field Day has come and gone again. The majors can settle back and rebuild their shattered nerves until next fall and the next crop of rookies. As a whole it wasn't such a bad display. The new drill was rather disconcerting at times but it at least doesn't have that drill sergeant's nightmare, Squad Right.

The machine gunners had a bigger plane for a target this year. Last year they fired away all their ammo at the great empty sky before the cavorting silver ship appeared. Theoretically that meant they were all bombed dead. This year the plane was larger and the gunners managed to fire two shots at the strafing Ryan monoplane. Theoretically that meant they were all bombed dead again. It would add to the effectiveness of the whole demonstration if they would use real bullets and give the plane a few bombs. Then it wouldn't be theoretical.

Everybody enjoyed pretty Company A in their nifty white belts, white gloves, and white leggings. They marched all over the field looking as if they were dodging submarines and some of their convolutions practically defied their commanders to untangle them.

● MAY DAY

May Day passed uneventfully this year. No red flags on the flagpole. No circulars distributed. No bombs thrown. Maybe we're losing our sense of humor. Or maybe what was funny last year is funny no longer now that the legions are marching in Europe again.

● NEXT ISSUE

Frankly the next and last issue for the year is a last try at selling a copy of the **Review** to those seniors who during the last four or more years have always read the other guy's. Graduation is the theme and as much as possible is going to be about, for, and by the Class of '40.



SCENE ON THE CAMPUS

THE fellow who is getting a big hand is wearing a Palm Beach Evening Formal. It's cool, smart, and features broader shoulders and narrower shawl lapels. The black trousers are satin striped at the side.

With exams around the corner, we think the pipe smoker has waited too long to start cracking those books. Unless his striped Shetland sport jacket dazzles his prof, he's going to have examination blues. He's wearing gray flannel trousers and white buckskin shoes with red crepe soles.

His friend isn't any Phi Beta, but he's well on his way to getting Honors in Style with his three button, single breasted dune colored covert suit which is just the thing to wear on a date these warm evenings.



• The braces with Streamlox Ends are becoming more and more popular because they clip instead of button to the trousers.



HER HERO RATED ZERO IN THE ART OF LOVE!



WHAT CAUSED THE FIGHT? His pipe! Bud said it tasted fine, but Sue swore it stank out loud. A fine way for sweethearts to talk! Someone better find him a *milder* tobacco.



HEARTS ENTWINED once again! Sue has said "yes" to Bud and his pipe since he switched to Sir Walter Raleigh, that milder blend of burleys with the gr-r-and aroma!

New!
CELLOPHANE
TAPE around lid
seals flavor in...
brings you tobacco
100% factory-fresh!



IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—Sir Walter Raleigh "Dag House," Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.

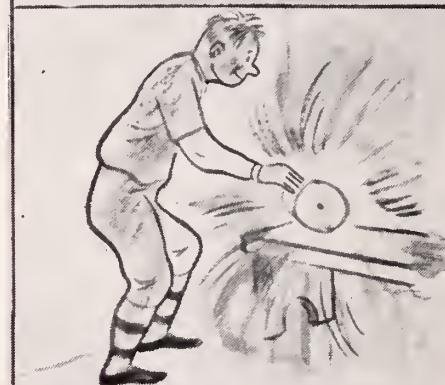
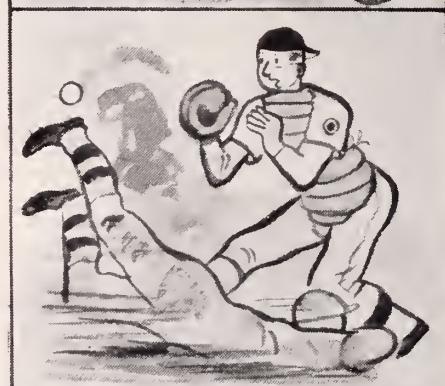
A TIGHT SQUEEZE

The trapped mining engineer fought for breath. A steel bar pressed against his stomach, another bore on his knees, holding him tightly in this painful position. This prevented him from helping the limp body pressed close to him. He could hear the cheery voices of his rescuers as they cut through the sheets of metal with acetylene torches in their effort to free them. Their voices seemed far away. He was rapidly losing consciousness and the end seemed near! He fought against passing out; one of them had to hold on. Finally the hiss of the flames eating through the steel reached his ears, and he breathed a prayer of thanks and vowed to Heaven that, once again free, he would never, never again take any girl into a rumble seat to neck as long as he lived.

Now is the time to get the fifty yard football tickets.

They marked the exams so strictly, they flunked him for having a period upside down.

Who says men have all the fun? They don't kiss each other.



THE INSIDE DOPE

A PROPAGANDA PAMPHLET FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK

WAR
EDITION

WHY HATE WAR?

Fighting Talk from Uncle Sam

When the German twenty years ago
Raped Belgium's peaceful land
And crushed the baby 'neath his heel,
For that I wouldn't stand.

No sir! I got up on my hind legs,
And said he'd better quit,
And then I sent ten million men
And the German didn't know what
hit.

So when I see the Russian Bear
In all his bloody might
Crushing little Finland,
Why, by golly, you bet I'll fight.

Life Is a Struggle. Why Not Make a Business Of Your Life?

Instructions:

This pamphlet is designed to be torn out and dropped from airplanes. It is to be dropped only from monoplanes bearing the license-number 2947wL. It should take effect within two hours. If no effect is noticeable after this period has elapsed, take two arsenic tablets with 1/2 glass water.

Shake pamphlet well before using.

Why hate war? Why waste your hatred on an abstraction? War is not evil. Stalin is evil. Hate Stalin. FIGHT Stalin.

These are rational statements. Contrast them with the sentimental, emotional appeals of the pacifists who cry salt tears in their tea when they talk about the sacrifice of human life.

Peace—pfui.

Peace is the hobgoblin of little minds.

Pacifists are the paid toadies of certain world powers who are attempting to establish a world dictatorship by frightening the people into an aversion of war and a fear of death. Peace is based on fear. War is founded on the courage of mankind. Would you rather live in fear, or die bravely?

Peace is NOT wonderful. War, on the other hand, is peachy.

THE HORRORS OF PEACE

Think for a moment of the horrors of peace:

- Gang murders
- Innocent bystanders
- Miscarriages
- Automobile accidents
- Lucius Beebe

WAR IS DEMOCRATIC

War benefits everybody, without discrimination. The farmer will find that his fields are more fertile in war-time. Blood is good for the soil; it adds nitrogen. Bodies also make good fertilizer and excellent feed for the cattle.

As the war progresses, the population will naturally decline, able men will grow scarce, and wages will rise. The only unemployed will be the corpses. The rest will live in luxury. This stuff about a food shortage is twaddle, pure twaddle, circulated by Stalin's Twaddle Department.

And as for the intellectual, we remind him that the last war produced many great minds. Consider Gertrude Stein and Ernest Hemingway. Perhaps another war will produce some nice, wholesome minds. We have had enough of peace and decay. Haven't we?

To the capitalists, the whole thing is pretty obvious. (War is also good for the paunch, gentlemen.)

AND WAR IS LOADS OF FUN

In war-time, you can get away with murder.

In war-time, there are no sex morals.

What do you think Napoleon meant when he said: "An army travels on its stomach? Do you think he was talking about spinach?"

Don't be naive.

Dartmouth Jacko

The Nine O'Clock Club

125 EAST 54TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

The Smart New Rendezvous

Opens nightly at 7 P.M.
(EXCEPT SUNDAY)

Serving a table D'HOTE dinner for \$1.50

REGARDLESS OF WHAT YOU ORDER
OUR CHARGE IS ONLY 60¢ PER DRINK

NO COVER or MINIMUM

CONTINUOUS MUSIC

Under personal
direction of
FRED ARMOUR

The Cornell Widow Says---

TO HELL WITH HITLER

I MAY be only a bricklayer from St. Mortar place, London, but I claims to know as much about this bloke Hitler as most of this country. 'E's a bit of 'ell 'imself I'd say. 'E just ain't the type to be tweaking Johnny Bull's nose and pullin' his sleeve behind his back to boot. Seems as this chap Hitler's got no scruples at all when it comes to furrin affairs seeing as how the Finns, the Checks and the Ostrains are all madder'n wet hens at him, and ready to pop him on sight. True, it weren't very genteel of him to treat 'em rough like and make a deal with them Communists up in Moscow. But those 'orrid Germans, as soon as you get rid of one foo-erer, up comes another quick as lightning to heckle you.

The missis an' I are most fond of 'earin music and comedy on our radio set but 'itler and 'is gang make so much racket these days that it ain't wuth while even shellin' out the two shillin's rent on the set the guv'ment charges. Hitler, 'e's a bad un, 'e is over the radio, wot with yellin' and whoopin' it up on most every subject from "more living space" to "more babies," spittin' and coughin' into the mike and causin' all sorts of static to us poor sufferers over here on the isle. I've 'eard tell a crowd of cwyaz knuck-

leheads sits for hours on end listenin' to his cheap chatter, with a bunch of "snoop" stooges here and there to encourage 'ealthy cheerin' and demonstration and the like. I 'ates the limey bloke meself.

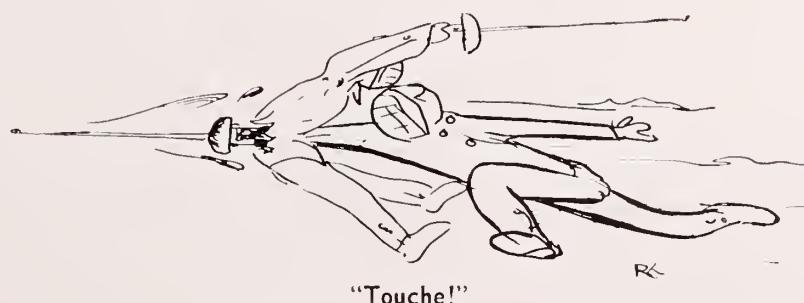
Y'naow, I dreamt me and the Prime Minister changed places the other night, I was Neville and 'e was Sammy, fer a fortnight. H'it seems as I was on my way to Hitler's place at Berchtesgaden, Neville of course holding down my job at the new building on Fleet Street. Niver will I fergit our meeting. Wery diplomatic-like I says: "Ye're lookin' rough an' ugly, Adolf". Not to be outdone (diplomatically) he says, "Ye're no vision of loveliness yerself, Neville." To myself I said "to hell with the misoorable creetur!"

With matters on such good standin', we got down to the business at hand, me on the attackin' side. "Looky here, Adolf," I says, "you ain't villin' to do anythin' as'll make the situation agreeable." Ye've made a perfect ass out of yourself fer three years now, ye've had your fun, so jist go gather up all your dolls and dishes and run along and play at paintin' barns in Austria like you used to."

I could see he was nerwus and excited-like cause 'e howled with indelicate glee, and I was perwoked to fergit

my high persition and dignity. To hell with the aggrawatin' thing, I kept re-peatin' to myself. The last thing I remember saying before my 'ooman woke me up wos, "abdicate, baby, abdicate."

And now we're at war with the louse, and things is different. Them that's seen him of late say 'e's a posin' and struttin' aroun' as if 'e'd blasted the king's own navy right out the North Sea. I ain't 'eard of 'im directly, but it's been reported that cooties have reappeared at the front, and 'Itler is there inspektin' ways and means of usin' them against the Tommies. 'Ere in Britain, 'e's caused no end of trouble, interruptin' tea and crumpets with his bloomin' air force and drop-pin' properganda papers askin' the king's very own subjects to come over to Germany, but a chap's come to expect filthy tricks like those of Adolf these days. I've had to send the wife and kiddies to the country which is costin' me a pretty penny, and the guv'ment even more. Hitler's no gambler. E's so damned sure of himself that he writes everything in 'is diary three weeks ahead of time. E' simply ain't human, so to hell with him anyway.



"Touche!"

M. J. T. Voo Doo

HARLOTTE O'Scara walked slowly down the grand staircase of the old Rara estate, a vision in sheathed ice-blue sapphire. Rhatt caught his breath sharply as he saw her. Something he had never felt before burned within him, searing each nerve tendril with pulsating desire. The room faded mistily into nothing. Was this the shy little girl he had played with nine long years ago? Years crammed with every kind of slaving, when that mad mission for perfection had been on him? Was this the skinny, dark little sad-eyed face on which he had so often brought that look which reminded him of the hounds on his father's farm when they had been whipped? A vital, pulsating spirit overcame him, took his sparkling young vitality and cowed it the way October winds strike the oleanders. And then he knew this was it, the real thing. This was the teeter-totter vitality. Life had come calling for him and

The Yale Record Cells

exactly what happened

when Rhatt carried

Harlotte upstairs

had found him unprepared. Or had it? Would he be strong enough to rise up and meet the challenge on the stairs which thrilled him to his very core. The room faded mistily into something. Harlotte stopped midway on the stairs, hovered poised as if struck with

some inner revelation which sent a chuckle to the light in those dark, mysterious, omniscient eyes. Suddenly she turned and undulated back up the stairs, as majestically as she had come. After all, a girl had to wear more than ice-blue sapphires in Virginia.

Rhatt came half out of his trance, and leaped swiftly up the stairs after her, his mind ablaze with all his strength straining after her. Old black Rhume, who had watched the encounter from the start, quietly fingering a document hidden in the lining of his coat and muttering strange words to himself. Harlotte slipped quietly into her room and closed the door. Each little touch of the room reflected her femininity. She deftly pushed a button on the pigskin-covered walls. Silently the musty volumes of classic poetry on the carved oak shelves slid into a recess, cleverly hidden by some cunning, long-forgotten engineer. Quietly as a jungle beast old black Rhume stepped out. With him were her pet cheetahs whose eyes almost matched the fire in her own. The powerful cat-like animals strained at the tool-steel leash by which Rhume held them. The play of the iron-strong muscles under their tawny, silky skin was a symphony in grace. Rhume bent creakily towards the white goddess who was his mistress; the girl who controlled him with her iron will. He held out something bright and shiny to her. She idly picked a book up as if searching for something. Then apologetically she motioned to the great cats which sprang to her shoulders.



"But a book just doesn't get up and walk off."

Yale Record

page eighteen, please

HERE was something in the air. It smelled like clam chowder, but General Marsters, pacing around his office two floors beneath the Maginot Line, knew it was not clam chowder. It was too suspicious to be clam chowder.

It was the smell of Death. That was it, the General decided. Twice before had the General smelled death, and twice before had he mistaken it for clam chowder. Once it had been that time they had the semi-annual spring cleaning in the House of Lords and they had swept out the Earl of Chumley. The other time he did not remember so well because he had been suffering from a cold that day. There had been an epidemic, he remembered, and half the English force in the Sudan had been sick. The only fighter left was Kipling and he stank as a fighter. Maybe it was Kipling he had smelled. The General shook his head. No, it was Death, all right.

Just then the door to his office opened and a Captain entered. He was breathless, having just come from the front (two flights up, first door to the right) in the express elevator.

"General Marsters, sir," he said. "There's been a murder."

General Marsters smiled smugly. He had known it all along. "How do you know?" he asked the Captain, trying to trip him up. He succeeded. The Captain fell flat on his face.

"We found Private Lind out in No-Man's-Land with a bullet through his heart," the Captain said from a recumbent position.

"Dead?" The General paused and frowned. He was not very quick on the uptake. "And what was he doing out in No-Man's-Land, may I ask?"

"I don't know. Dying, I suppose."

"Hm," mused the General. "Who killed him?"

"I don't know," the Captain answered. "He was just lying there. He didn't say anything about it."

"Hm," said the General looking at the Captain, his eyes narrowing to



"And to what, dear reader, do I owe the pleasure of this intrusion?"

Yale Record

small slits. "Why did you kill him?" he said suddenly.

"I didn't," the Captain said indignantly.

"You did, too."

"Didn't."

"Did."

"Didn't."

"Did." The General was showing signs of fatigue.

"Didn't." The Captain was fresh as a daisy.

"O.K.," the General said, sinking to the floor in a large linen heap. "Where was the body and what time did you find him?"

"He was out in the middle of sector eleven, all muddy and dead. We found him at about ten this morning."

The General walked over to his telephone, picked up the receiver and turned to the Captain while he waited

for the operator to stop kidding with somebody she called Putsie. "Was the body stiff?" he asked.

"Lind was never very athletic, sir," the Captain said. "He didn't seem any stiffer than usual. He never *was* able to touch his toes without bending his knees anyway."

The General turned to the phone. "Maginot 2-2121," he said. "Hello . . . Gamelin? This is Marsters . . . Yeah,

"Did he know any Germans?" the General asked.

No, Lind hadn't known any Germans. He had always been a home-sticker. There was no motivation, the General thought frantically; all the Allies liked him and the Germans didn't know him. There was no logical

page nineteen, please

The Maginot Murder Case

'Cain't What You Do

A Texas Ranger Satire

by MAC ROY RASOR

I KNOW who won the sweetheart race.

I paid an awful price, but I know who won.

It all starts one day in the fall when I go by the sorority house for my date. While I am waiting for Kitten—that's my personal pet name for her—the sorority president trips over to the sofa, edges excitingly close, and speaks very confidentially, after the fashion of sorority presidents.

"We're backing Kitten for sweetheart this year. You know all about writing for papers and things. Won't you manage her publicity for us?"

Now Kitten is a swell kid for sweetheart all right. But I don't exactly see how I can promote publicity when campaigning is against the rules.

"Oh, you have to be subtle," Cupid explains. And being reluctant to relinquish my title as the college prize chump, I agree to be subtle.

For three months Kitten monopolizes *The Daily Texan*. It says she spends the weekend in El Paso when Zilker Park is as far west as she actually gets. It says she has dinner at three fraternity houses the same Sunday, when the sick list proves she is home in bed with a cold. It says she is elected Queen of the Royal Fiesta in her home county when even the Chamber of Commerce will admit that the nearest thing there to a fiesta was the County Livestock Show back in '36.

I even have things fixed for her to be the *Ranger's* "Girl of the Month." But the *Ranger* editor double crosses me and trades the coveted spot to Effie Meinholtz for a slightly used beer. The *Texan* editor gets wise, too, and I am dishonorably discharged from the night staff.

I don't mind sacrificing my already shady reputation as a journalist, but

that sorority makes me want to bite a hunk out of a hornet's nest and pull legs off grasshoppers when I go by for Kitten one night early in December.

"You're seen with Kitten too much," they tell me. "She has to go with a lot of different boys, or people will get the wrong idea."

I'm at the point of telling them that it doesn't make a—that it doesn't matter to me what kind of ideas people get and that I've got a few of my own. But instead I whittle my usual three dates a week down to one afternoon coffee date a week and a night date once every two weeks.

"And, oh, yes," they suddenly remember — subtle-like, "get as many boys as you can to make dates with her."

Of all the impertinence! But Kitten has a way of making things appear as unimportant as a necktie in a nudist colony; so my wrath quietly simmers while it might justly be furiously boiling.

During January the only time I see Kitten is when she sprints past me each time I call at the sorority house. She is on her way to luncheons, suppers, parties, dances, picnics, meetings —she even starts going to class so she can meet more people.

I do get close enough to her one night in February, though, to have her push a fountain pen and five sheets of paper into my hand as she breathlessly explains: "Gotto hurry, honey, be a good scout . . . write a thousand word theme for me on 'College As A Stabilizing Influence' . . . bye, bye," and

she dashes off with some leering yokel hiding behind buck teeth and horn-rimmed specs, who knows he can get all his dormitory votes.

I'm in no mood to write a theme. She makes D. She thinks that is good.

I finally land one of those December-promised dates early in March. We decide to begin the evening at a night club.

We haven't even found an empty booth when the loud speaker starts blaring Kitten's name: phone calls, dedications, telegrams at the door, and half a dozen other assorted messages are broadcast at regular intervals. She ignores all of them. It's just the sorority being subtle.

A soft, sweet tune coaxes us to the dance floor. She cuddles close as my arm slips around her waist, and for the first time since all this mess started I don't feel as out of place as a minister at a sorority house.

But something has to happen. Every one seems to be staring at Kitten's back. When the nickelodeon stops, I take a squint myself, and lo and behold! A red, neon-lighted double heart glittered on her back.

"The sorority . . . being subtle," she chirps as though she thinks it's a good idea.

We leave the night club and decide to take in the German. Kitten wants to go up near the orchestra because everybody looks at the orchestra and the sorority thinks more people will see her up there. So with some jiggeroo stomp tearing at our eardrums, we dance near the orchestra.

"Kitten, I want you to have everything your little heart desires," I tell her, "but I wish you had never started this sweetheart business."

IT WAS on the Bermuda boat that they met. His name was George. Her name was Mary.

The sea was a brilliant blue, and the puffy white clouds looked like little tufts of cotton against the clear, deep sky. That was what Mary had said. It was queer the way they had met. Mary was walking down the deck pretending not to notice that George was watching her, and then, quite suddenly, and sort of naturally, they bumped, just as if they'd been waiting for that moment all their lives. Mary wasn't sure that she should speak first, but she decided that an observation on the weather is never out of place so she said it—all about the clouds and the water. And George said, "Excuse me," so Mary said it again, but George said that he'd heard her the first time, but that he was just excusing himself for bumping into her, and she said, "Oh."

George saw that he had not been very quick on the trigger, so he asked Mary if she was enjoying the trip, or rather, correcting himself quickly, if she thought she would enjoy it. Mary took a few seconds to make up her mind, and then she smiled as she looked at George, and then gave an imperceptible little wink as she said: "I'm sure I'll enjoy it now." George said (to himself): "Gee Whiz!"

And everybody said what a beautiful couple, and Mary giggled, and George tried to look big and manly, and kept thinking what he would do if the boat sunk.

One day the boat sunk. It was pretty horrible, taking one thing in consideration with another. The captain was very gallant but he didn't go down with his ship, and everybody else got in a lifeboat somehow. George remembered about Mary just as soon as he got in the lifeboat and was just wondering if he hadn't ought to get her when she jumped in right next to him. "Darling!" she cried. "Dear!" he shouted, "I almost came after you!"

The waves were very big and the



"Who in the hell is playing the radio?"

Yale Record

boat was very small and everyone was cold and shivering. But George and Mary huddled together and Mary thought, "Gee, a real shipwreck," and George wondered if they were near enough land so that he could be a hero. And then the waves got still bigger and everyone began to groan. Pretty soon Mary got all white and funny looking, and pretty soon George didn't want to hold her in his arms any more. He wasn't sick himself, but after all it wasn't very nice holding a girl in your

arms when she was in that condition anyway.

They got picked up very soon. George didn't ever see Mary again. For that matter Mary never saw George again. And it all boils down to the fact that if you can hold your girl in your arms in an open boat in midocean and still love her, it's true love. The trouble with the world is that nobody ever gets a chance to find out.

E. A. R.

To Have and To Hold

Princeton Tiger

The Princeton Tiger---

The Element W

THE atomic weight of the element W has been established at 120, however, during our analysis we have found many allotrophic forms which weigh as little as a hundred and as much as two hundred.

Occurrence. W is the most abundant element found in nature; it is found both in the free and combined state and is always associated with M. Every region on earth yields this element abundantly, however, the quality of the element is determined by the region. An example—Hollywood supplies us with some of the finest specimens; one has to be rich to obtain these.

Physical Properties. The physical properties of this element have been found to vary within large limits. The color range alone makes the rainbow blush, however, once a little soap and water are applied to the element one basic color appears—pale white with a greenish tinge. Some varieties of W are found to be exceedingly hard, especially a pure specimen of W. Little need be said about the soft variety, for it is merely putty in the hands of the artist.

The melting point, freezing point, and boiling point of W vary within large limits and depend on the condition and pressure, and above all on the individual specimen at hand. Experiment shows us that under the proper conditions and right pressure W rarely freezes, most always melts, and does at times boil. If we should find some undue delay in the change, experience shows us that a little Au, or Pt, acting as catalyst will make the reaction start more quickly and always in the warmer direction. Unfortunately we can give no set formula for making W boil. The melting point of the element is fairly easily reached and even those who know little about the subject have at times had success at melting this element. The freezing point need not be

discussed. It is always reached by inexperienced hands. Even under the best laboratory conditions science has failed to make certain pure specimens change from this state. The structure of this element is uniform. It may easily be identified when unadulterated by other substances on the surface. In its natural state the beauty of W astounded us; it was exceedingly difficult to drop our research even to have our daily meal.

Chemical Properties. W absorbs large quantities of expensive food and drinks. Contrary to all rules of chemistry the W ion will displace and take an element such as platinum and gold which are on the bottom of the electrochemical series and refuse to take or displace iron which is much higher. Even chemistry doesn't have iron-clad rules. Their ionic migrations vary

wildly. Every variety of this specimen has the greatest affinity for Pt and Au, especially in the ring and chain structures. The valence of W is 1 and it can combine with only 1 M, but of course, since there are no iron-clad rules in chemistry, even this simple statement doesn't hold. Some varieties have a valence of two and some even three, but it isn't lawful. In the free state W has a valence of 0. In the exposed state it is extremely dangerous and explosive especially the unstable specimen. The affinity between W and M is tremendous and much heat is given off in the resulting reaction. Once W gets out of hand few substances can return it again to the calm state. Au is one of these substances.

Uses. W is highly ornamental. It has wide applications in the arts and domestic sciences. It is the best reducing agent known, being able to reduce the wealth of anything to a dizzy height of degree if given just the chance. Useful as a tonic in the alleviation of sickness, low spirits, and again can often be, and most often is, the cause of it.

Tests to Determine W. Sight is as good a test as any to determine whether an element is W, but since W is not often found in the exposed state and since it is quite difficult to strip it of these foreign substances, other methods have been devised whereby we can determine whether we have W or not. If we add sufficient quantities of alcohol to W, we find as a rule that it is rather easy to remove the external impurities, but since this method takes large quantities of alcohol we don't recommend it. Another way of finding W is to expose some Au or Pt in its presence, but this is even more expensive than the above, so discard it. I am afraid we're at a loss. Can any reader help us?

A. W. G.



Popular songs illustrated

"South of the Border"

Tiger

THE big department store was all ablaze. Crowds were screaming on every floor and the basement. Everybody was full of the Christmas spirit and a number of other things; even the manager, a small Pleschet-like man with a glass eye and a strawberry-colored toupee, was happy.

Mrs. Frumpit hurried through the crowd, leading her small son by the hand. He was ten years old and named Waldo, through no fault of his own, and he was evidently displeased with the whole idea of visiting a big department store.

"Listen," he said to his mother, a tall, furry woman, "just because you want to see Santa Claus is no reason to drag me along."

"Shut your pretty mouth, Waldo dear," Mrs. Frumpit cooed, "or Momma slugs."

"Aw," Waldo said, but shut up anyway. They walked for a while in silence. Then Waldo spoke again, being careful, however, to put on his crash helmet first. "Hey," he said, "Are you sure he's here?"

"Of course," his mother said, knocking down a small child who tried to get on the escalator before the Frumpits.

"How did he come?" Waldo asked with a sneer, "In his supercharged snowmobile?"

"How else?" Mrs. Frumpit said, rhetorically.

"Damn lie," muttered Waldo under his breath.

They rode up the escalator until they came to Santa's floor. An odor of cooking food permeated the atmosphere.

"What's that horrible stink?" Waldo asked.

"Why, that's roasting goose," Mrs. Frumpit answered. "Don't you know your Dickens?"

"Roasting, hell," Waldo sneered, knifing one of the children who was wandering about the store. "It smells like a goose I once met named Marvin. And he wasn't roasting, either."

"Why don't you stop being hard-boiled?" his mother asked. "You and your lousy lost generation."

"Pfui," Waldo said, rather irrelevantly. He always said pfui when there wasn't enough time to say phooey. There wasn't enough time to

say phooey now because they were approaching Santa.

Mrs. Frumpit gave a howl of delight and ran toward the jolly old gentleman, dragging Waldo behind her.

"Santa!" she cried passionately.

Santa ignored her. He grabbed Waldo by the neck and set him firm-

ly on his lap. "Well, well, well," Santa said.

"Well, what?" Waldo said, adjusting his collar bone.

"Well, what do you want for Christmas?" Santa asked, a trifle snappishly by now.

page twenty-two, please

Winner Take All

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

FROM THE DARTMOUTH JACKO



"Doc, I don't feel so good."

Princeton Tiger

Reprinted from the

NASSAU SOVEREIGN, Princeton University





—Representing about 100 hours of work, these two charcoal drawings are the work of Arthur Frederick Maynard, a sophomore at Princeton

What Is Your I. Q.?

We dare you to take the
Arizona Kitty Kat Quiz

It seems that all through life, college men are doomed to be haunted by Intelligence Tests. Merely to keep you in practice, we are publishing a sample test. This test was originally submitted to the administration to be used on freshmen entering school, but the administration turned it down; they said it was too hard. After all,

some students have to pass the test, or the campus will be depopulated. Try this test at our expense, and find out if you too, are a *moron*.

A. *Samples*: 1. How many men are five men and ten men? (15)
(2) If you walk one mile per hour for one mile, how far do you walk? (1)
1. How many men are five men and

ten men? (Hint, see above) ()
2. How many women are five women and ten women? ()
3. How many men and women are five men and women and ten men and women? ()
4. A dealer bought some mules for \$800. He sold them \$1,000? ()
5. If a man runs a hundred yards in ten seconds, how many feet does he run in 1/5 of a second and ten men? ()

B. *Sample*: Why do we use stoves?

Because

() They look well.
(x) They keep us warm.
() They are black.

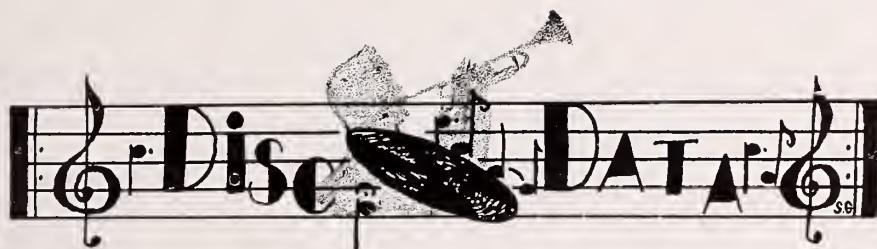
1. Why do firemen wear red suspenders? Because
() If he didn't his pants would fall down.
() Red is the color of the fire department.
() To keep him warm.
2. What do they call fish in Alaska?
() Fish.
3. If you saw a train approaching a broken track, you should
() Telephone for an ambulance.
() Holler real loud.
() Get off the train.
4. It is better to fight than run, because
() If you run you may get shot in back.
() If you fight you may get shot in front.
() To keep his pants up.
5. If while on a hike you get bitten by a rattlesnake, you should
() Run and get some whiskey.
() Kill the snake.
() Run and get some more whiskey.

C. *Sample*: Dog is to hair as fish is to: water, scales, fur.

1. Thingummy-gadget: watch a callit-doodad, thingambob, to keep his pants up.



"And how are all my patients in Ward B, today?"



by Stan Gilinsky '40

SOMETIMES back this column ventured a prediction that if Glenn Miller didn't modify his style a bit the public might pass him off as a fad. Now Glenn has turned around and made a platter that exemplifies his style as it ought to be played. We refer to his recording of *Stardust* and *Melancholy Baby*. In it we find no exaggeration, no forced prettiness but a melodic richness from one of the best scored arrangements in ages. Solo honors as usual go to Tex Benecke and Clyde Hurley with the former's vocal on *Baby* the best he has done to date. If the Miller outfit keeps that pace there will be no stopping them. His other discs of the month, and in typical style, include *The Rhumba Jumps*; *I'll never Smile Again*; *Boog It*; and *Sierra Sue*; *Moments In The Moonlight*. (Bl.)

The new Goodman band has really arrived. All Benny's predictions, in the face of relentless criticism, that all the band needed was organization and lots of practice together to become his best band has come true. They play their commercials with a refreshing looseness that even his old outfit couldn't sustain. As for the swing tunes Benny has come under the influence of Fletcher Henderson (again), Count Basie and other top notch colored arrangers with the result that the band has a flexibility and drive surpassing its former achievements. Example is *Yours Is My Heart Alone*; *Down By The Old Mill Stream*. (Col.)

Woody Herman again gains distinction with his *Blue Ink*; *Can This Be Love*. The former features his terrific rhythm section behind and excellent arrangement spotted with solos. The latter side is a pop, done in the same manner less the solos. Glen Gray invades the swing field, this time with a two sided opus *No Name*

Jive. The rhythm section is very impressive along with some good sax work. If Glen really wanted to concentrate and practice this sort of stuff he might have something. But with the continual playing of dreamy pops the boys lose their touch.

VARSITY

The Varsity-Royale studios have been doing a great job with their classical recordings but seem to have neglected their swing contributions. The offerings are; by Harry James with *Boog It*; *The Sheik Of Araby*, who deserves a word of praise for the tremendous kicks his band has been dispensing over the air; by Jack Teagarden *If I Could Be With You*; *My Melancholy Baby* and *Devil May Care*; *Night On The Shalimar*. For those who prefer music on the wishy side and wish to remain true to the label they can pick to their hearts' content from Will Osborne, Johnny McGee, Lang Thompson, Johnny Green, Lou Breese and last and least Rudy Vallee.

BRIEFS

Earl Hines is definitely on the jazz side with his unusual *Boogie Woogie On St. Louis Blues* backed by Number 19. (Bl.) Decca presents a most interesting and valuable collectors' item in their *Chicago Jazz Album* featuring the work of such Chicago stalwarts as Joe Sullivan, But Freeman, Pee Wee Russel, Jess Stacy, Eddie Condon, Jimmy McPartland and others. You must appreciate the style or the records will be meaningless.

Gene Krupa punches through a slow and rocky negroid *Manhattan Transfer* backed by a pretty *Moments In The Moonlight*. (Col.) Frankie Trumbauer swings through his version of *Sugar Foot Stomp* backed by *I Don't Stand*

NEW VICTOR RECORDINGS

26565—*Loca Illusion*
Pa-Ran-Pan-Pan
Xavier Cugat and his
Waldorf-Astoria
Orchestra

26580—*It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow*
It's Somebody Else
Bea Wain
with Orchestra

26581—*Imagination*
Charming Little Faker
Tommy Dorsey
and His Orchestra

16575—*Ten Mile Hop*
The Lady Said "Yes"
Larry Clinton
and His Orchestra

26576—*Where Do I Go From You?*
I Can't Love You Any More
Hal Kemp
and His Orchestra

26577—*Ko-Ko*
Congo Brava
Duke Ellington
and His Orchestra

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EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED

from page eight

"Sorry," she murmured, "I cannot read without my cheetahs on."

Almost instantly she turned, startled by the sound of a door opening behind her. Her breast heaved with sudden breathing as her eyes met Rhatt's. He poised motionless, like a fancy diver in a photograph, then walked slowly forward, his hand stealing towards his coat pocket as he became aware that something strange lurked in the room, something that meant Death. She ran toward him with a helpless little cry. Then after an eternity she was in heaven, his strong arms were about hers, his bronzed cheek was next to hers, she could feel his soft breath hot behind her ear. Their lips met.

She said: "Stay with me always," pointing to the evil black, "there's Rhume enough for both of us."

Startled by the nostalgic bell-like tones of her voice, the husky melody of it, he answered, "Now I remember. I was looking for my cigarettes. Sorry to have bothered you."

Then the cheetah sprang. It was all over in a minute so lightning-like were the slashes of his razor-sharp claws. Nimblly old Rhume turned and re-entered the passage in the wall. As the book shelf swung closed behind him, chuckling evilly, he lit a cigarette and fingered a document hidden in the lining of his coat. He shuffled out of sight muttering strange words to himself.

B. F. H. A. B.

•

A NEW KIND OF JITTERBUG

Mary has a little swing

It isn't hard to find;

For everywhere that Mary goes

The swing is just behind.

—Jacko

•

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MAGINOT MURDER CASE

from page nine

reason why anybody should kill the man.

Then the General's eyes brightened. "How do you know it wasn't suicide?" he asked the Captain.

"It couldn't have been," the Captain said. "His gun hadn't been fired."

The case looked hopeless. The man couldn't have died of spontaneous combustion. The General groaned.

Just then, there was a loud gutteral noise outside the door, and the door opened, admitting two German officers who held between them a German private.

"What's this?" asked the General.

The German officers looked at the German private and prodded him in the gut. "Tell the man, Hoiman," said one officer, a lieutenant named Spencer Shapiro.

"Naw," said Hoiman sourly, "You tell."

"Hoiman," the lieutenant said softly, "I'm ashamed, Hoiman." He turned to General Marsters. "Hoiman did it," he said. "He did it with his little Mauser."

The General smiled. The case was solved by a *deus ex machina* named Hoiman. "What's his motivation?" he asked severely.

"Tell the man why you did it, Hoiman," the lieutenant said.

"Aw, you tell him. I told you once."

"Hoiman came and confessed," the second-lieutenant said. "Tell why, Hoiman. Tell why, or superior officer prods." He gave Hoiman a dig in the ribs.

"Aw," said Hoiman. "I didn't mean to. I didn't even know the guy. I mistook him for somebody else. You know how it is."

"Sure, Hoiman," said the second-lieutenant, "we know how it is."

"Shut up," Hoiman said. He turned to the General again. "The guy was all muddy, and he looked like a party named Max who sits next to me in mess. Max is a slob. I thought the guy was Max and I thought it would be nice if Max wasn't living. So I took a pot shot at him. Then Max, the slob, turned up at lunch. For a minute

I thought he was a ghost, but no ghost would spread butter with his fingers. So I confessed. I didn't mean nothin'. Honest."

The General walked around the room, frowning. "What are you going to do with him?" he asked the German officers.

"We'll take his gun away from him," said the lieutenant. "He keeps shooting down all our carrier pigeons anyway. He deserves it."

"Aw," said Hoiman.

—ERICH MARIA STERN



Pledge: "There's a girl without."

House Pres.: "Without what?"

Pledge: "Without food and clothing."

House Pres.: "Feed her and bring her in."

—Froth



The major menaces on the highways are drunken driving, uncontrolled thumbing, and indiscriminate spooning. To put it briefly, hic, hike and hug.

—Jack-o-Lantern



"Don't you think they are taking this school spirit stuff too seriously?"

Jacko



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'TAIN'T WHAT YOU DO

from page ten

"Yes, I-I-think . . . you're . . . right," she looks weak and grows limp in my arms.

"What's the matter, Kitten?" I ask with concern. She doesn't answer.

Her lips part slightly as her head drops back and she slips to the floor in a dead faint. All this fuss has been too much for her. I quickly gather her into my arms and rush her through the gaping crowd to the door. Some one says we can get to the hospital quickly in his car; so I hurriedly follow him. I scramble into the back seat with her as the motor begins to hum.

Kitten suddenly sits up, wide eyed.

"It worked perfectly," she giggles.

The fellow in the front seat turns around. His hair isn't standing on end; but, from the expression on his face, it might as well be.

"Sure," she says, "Everybody in there is talking. The sorority says it's good publicity."

It's a good thing the election comes when it does, too. I have already started reading pamphlets from Mineral Wells, but I turn to milder forms of literature after I know the ballots are all filled in and hidden away.

Last night I drop in to see Kitten—I can see her three times a week again now. While I am waiting, the sorority president blows in and bubbles, "We won that election all right." I'm always puzzled at things sorority presidents say. This is no exception.

"But it's simple," she says. "Everybody wants their candidate to be first, and nobody cares who is second. So we got everybody to vote for Kitten second."

"Great catfish and little sardines!" I bellow. I'm thinking of the past five months and feeling a headache coming on again.

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"Oh, don't get excited," she explains. "By the preferential ballot system we can't lose. The other four candidates each got their share of the first place votes, and their other votes were for third, fourth, and fifth places. Kitten got her share of the first place votes and all the rest of her votes were second place; so she won. See?"

I give her one of those one-of-us-is-crazy looks and slip over one arm of the sofa to greet Kitten coming downstairs.

"I hear you won the election," I tell her.

"Yes, isn't it wonderful? And it's all because of you. You're a darling," she coos and throws her arms around my neck. Her hand slips up the side of my face and smooths my hair while her body clings as close as Wrigley's Spearmint on the bottom of your shoe.

Boy, oh, Boy!

Yes, sir! I know who won that sweetheart race—but *I ain't talkin'*.

"My end draws near," said the wrestler as his opponent bent him double.

—Covered Wagon

Some girls are like cigarettes: They come in packs, get lit; hang on to your lips; make you puff; go out unexpectedly; leave a bad taste in your mouth, and still they satisfy.

—Sundial

Why do you always go to bed with the milkman?

He's my husband.

—Jester

DO YOU KNOW

That so anxious was Philadelphia's General Court to encourage local hop growing, that in 1704 they passed a law laying a heavy duty on the foreign article.

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First American Tourist to Second, both members of one of those conducted Peppy Tours, doing Europe by schedule.

First: Is this Rome or Florida?

Second: Is this Thursday or Friday?

First: Friday.

Second: Then it's Rome.

—*Analyst*

•

Is my dress too short?

It's either too short or you're in it too far.

—*Jester*

•

"Hurry over to our fraternity house, Doctor, a fellow here has something the matter with his eyes."

"It must be serious if you wake me up at this time of the night. What's the trouble? Does he see elephants and snakes and things?"

"No, sir, that's why we called. The room is full of them and he can't see any."

•

An amoeba named Joe and his brother Went out drinking toasts to each other.

In the midst of their quaffing They split their sides laughing And found that each was a mother!

—*Octopus*

•

She was only a grave-digger's daughter but you ought to see her lower the beer.

She: Do you know the things they've been saying about me?

He: Whaddya think I'm here for?

—*DoDo*

•

A colored preacher at the close of his sermon discovered one of his deacons asleep. He said, "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead?"

Deacon Brown sleepily replied, "Lead hell, I just dealt."

—*Filched*

•

He: "I'm feeling a little frail tonight."

She: "You're telling me."

—*Jester*

•



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WINNER TAKE ALL

from page thirteen

Waldo looked at Santa intently.
"Are you real?" he asked.

"Think I'd fool a kid like you?"
Santa said, bitterly.

"Hell, yes," said Waldo. He gave
Santa's whiskers a sharp tug and was
quite surprised when they did not
come off.

"What's the matter, sonny boy?"
Santa said, feeling his whiskers tend-
erly. "Tired of living?" Waldo gave
him a sharp kick in the stomach and the
wise old gentleman changed the
subject. "What do you want for
Christmas?" he asked, repeating him-
self.

"I don't want none of that schmaltz
you gave me last year," Waldo said.
"I want a life subscription to *jacko*."

Santa restrained himself admirably.
"Is there anything in the store you'd
like?" he asked Waldo.

"If there is, what could you do
about it, you bourgeois myth?" Waldo
sneered.

Santa ignored this last remark, con-
centrating on a pretty blonde who was
selling toys across the aisle.

"I'd like that motor scooter over
there," Waldo said. He pointed to a
motor scooter over there.

"How much is it?" Mrs. Frumpit
whispered, putting her two cents in.

"Nothing," said Santa, copping the
pennies. "We are giving it away free
because it is Christmas."

"Probably stinks," Waldo said, ap-
plying his nasal knowledge of the
world.

Santa rose and dumped Waldo onto
the floor. "Let us look at it," he
said. He walked off toward the scooter
and Waldo followed, imitating his
rolling gait. Mrs. Frumpit followed
Waldo, imitating his rolling gait. When
they reached the scooter, they all got off
the floor where they had been rolling and
dusted themselves off.

"Here," said Santa, stroking the
motorscooter until the engine began to
purr.

"I'll take it," Waldo said. He climbed
on and was about to drive off in

the direction of the blonde.

"Wait," Santa said, a sob in his
voice. "I want to tell you its history."

"Keep it clean," Waldo warned.
"Mother is sensitive."

"Shut up, you little bastard," Mrs.
Frumpit said, obviously alluding to
the conditions of her son's birth.

"Okay, okay," Waldo said.

Santa counted to ten rapidly, then
turned back to Waldo with a smile.
"This scooter," he said, dropping back
into character, a catch coming into his
voice, "was brought here by a poor
lad who made it with his own hands.
He is a poor boy, but he is happy and
wants to make all the rich children
happy, too."

Waldo was beginning to cry. "That
doesn't agree with Marx," he said,
"but go on."

"He said that he didn't want this
scooter to leave the store unless the
boy who wanted it really was deserving."
Santa was weeping now, the tears
dripping slowly down his whiskers.

"Stop," Waldo bawled. "Don't tell
me any more."

"This little boy said," Santa con-
tinued, "that the boy who took this
scooter must never have sinned."

"Stop, stop!" Waldo cried. "I have
sinned!" He dried his eyes with diffi-
culty, which was the name of his hand-
kerchief.

"Blessings, my son," Santa said.
"You are a spiritual success." He pat-
ted Waldo on the head and Waldo
suddenly felt that his pants had be-
come tight. Taking his mother's hand
in his, he hurriedly left the store.

Once in the street, Mrs. Frumpit
affectionately squeezed her son's warm,
moist little hand. "I'm proud of you,
son," she said.

Waldo kicked a little old lady who
happened to be passing. "I didn't
want the thing," he said. "I just
wanted to see him make a damned
fool of himself."

—M. R. P.

●
"Is dat your face?"

"Ain't nobody else's but!"

—Lafayette Lyre

WHAT IS YOUR I. Q.?

from page sixteen

2. Cuts-water: Students-eating, studying, kissing.
3. Japan-China: Italy-Ethiopia, Newfoundland, Moscow Gold.
4. Pigeons-grass: Gertrude Stein-alas, alack, well a day!
5. Bing Crosby-horses: Charlie McCarthy-termites, Rudy Vallee, you.
- D. *Samples*: 1. People hear with the eyes, ears, nose, mouth. 2. The capitol of the United States is in Washington, D. C., Europe, China.
1. The Spanish-American War was fought between Russia and India, France and Italy, the halves of the Rose Bowl game.
2. Trotsky is a Russian commander, a kind of fish, several kinds of fish, to keep his pants up.
3. Matriculation is: something dirty, something to eat, a Mexican painter, the second day of the week.
4. You are as famous as: dope, dunce, idiot, moron.

•

DISC DATA

from page seventeen

A Ghost Of A Chance. (Va.)

Glen Gray is alternately lively and pensive with *Charming Little Faker*; *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*. *Sierra Sue: Soft Winds*. The latter being his adaptation of the Benny Goodman sextet number. (D.)

In speaking about the Goodman sextet it is interesting to note that the inclusion of Count Basie in the group for the Columbia recording of *Gone With "What" Wind* and *Till Tom Special* proved so successful that Benny is going to record with the Basie rhythm section sometime in the middle of May. This precedent may start a new trend in recording studios. There are numerous artists who could put an extra zest in their playing backed by groups that are not available for their regular bands and there is no reason why the public can't be given the benefit of these performances which heretofore were confined to early morning jam sessions. Decca follows the trend by having Louis Armstrong record with Jimmy Dorsey's band in *Swing That Music*.

Bluebird keeps pushing the dance band possibilities of Charley Barnet

and, while his jazz fans may not like it, he gives very satisfactory renditions with *From Another World*; *Ev'ry Sunday Afternoon*. *Where Was I*; *'Deed I Do. You're Lonely And I'm Lonely*; *Fools Fall In Love* and *A Lover's Lullaby*; *You've Got Me Voodoo'd*.

Erskine Hawkins pays a tribute to himself and Duke Ellington with *Gabriel Meets The Duke* backed by the subdued *Whispering Grass*. (Bl.)

Cab Calloway shows the real swing potentialities of his band in *Pluckin' The Bass: Give Baby Give* (Vo.) The former features the lightening bassing of Milton Hinton and a Chu Berry tenor chorus. Cab has a subdued but arresting vocal on the reverse.

Rex Irving and his Boys continue their psuedo yet likeable swing with *Ye Olde Time Movies*; *Pickaninny Doll Dance*. (Va.)

•

Jimmy: "We've got a new baby down at our house."

Neighbor: "How nice—did the stork bring him?"

Jimmy: "Oh, no. It developed from a unicellular amoeba."

—O'Gosh

•

A little girl had been left in the nursery by herself, and her brother arrived to find the door closed. The following conversation took place:

"I wants to tum in, Cissie."

"You tant tum in, Tommy."

"Why tant I?"

"Cause I'm in my nightie gown and nurse says little boys mustn't see little girls in their nightie gown."

After an astonished and reflective silence on Tommy's side of the door the miniature Eve announced triumphantly:

"You tan tum in now, Tommy, I took it off."

—Pup

•

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TUCK a few tests in your coat, write a crib on your cuffs, and roll up a few more to fit into your vest pockets. Insert a small, but effective mallet, or blackjack in your pocket. Now walk boldly into the room nodding a casual good morning to the prof. Take the exam paper and read it over with a cocksure air, and then write your name on the exam book. Now call over the prof to your seat and engross him in a conversation that should be patterned after the following:

"Hey, Prof, do you see that cloud?"

"Yes, I do, Mr. Soandso."

"Well, don't you think it looks like a rabbit?"

"Why, no, Mr. Soandso, it looks like a whale to me, although it does have the tail of a rabbit."

"Well, look at it now, Prof, it looks like a windmill!"

"So it does, Mr. Soandso, so it does."

Now is the time to take out the mallet, blackjack or hammer, and allow it to impact firmly but gently upon the skull of the Prof, causing him to go into a coma. Then take out texts, cribs, and notes, and write out the exam. When you see the Prof coming to, help him to his feet, expressing your sincere sorrow that he fainted. Get him a glass of water and be as nice as possible to him. Hand the Prof your exam book and remark how easy the quiz was.

This simple but effective method is followed out by most of the "honor" men on the campus. Don't abuse it or tell too many people. There is such a thing as overdoing it.

1.

You're Arthur Blake?
I'm Jenkins—shake.

2.

Don't mind the noise,
Come meet the boys.

3.

So you like to—
Here I'll pay that check.

4.

Our frat is strong.
You can't go wrong.

5.

Congratulations, you're in.
Here's the pin.

6, 7, 8, etc.

Who the hell do you think you are?
Get out there and wash my car.

She—I'll be back in two shakes,
dear.

He—All right, lamb —*Pell Mell*.

DOG DAYS

Drunk finally finds keyhole and stomps into house, where he stumbles around looking for lights. Wife pipes up: "That you, Henry?" No answer. A big crash of glass. "Henry! What in the world are you doing?"

"Teaching your goldfish not to bark at me."

Grace: "You've got to hand it to Jim when it comes to petting!"

Stella: "What's the matter with him, is he too lazy?"

—*Covered Wagon*

STRIKE OUT

"I don't think I'll ever be able to thank you enough for taking me to this baseball game," the pretty little thing said. "And don't forget you promised to learn me how to play baseball."

"I won't learn you how, but I'll teach you how," he said.

"I don't give a damn what you do," she retorted, "so long as you learn me how to play it."

"Please," he pleaded, "don't say damn out here in the stands."

"What has that got to do with baseball? I don't think you know how to play it."

"That's a good one," he laughed. "I was a star pitcher on my high school team."

"A pitcher? What's that?" she asked.

"A pitcher, dear, is a fellow who stands in the box and throws the ball."

"Why does he stand in a box? Doesn't he get tired of standing in a box all day?"

"It's not a box. It's just a lot of wet dirt."

"But if he stands in wet dirt with-

out rubbers, doesn't he catch cold? Does the pitcher wear rubbers?" she queried.

"No, the dirt isn't very wet, and besides, he doesn't stand in it very long."

"Is the pitcher the whole team?"

"Of course not. There are eight other men on the team."

"What do they do, watch the pitcher throw the ball?"

"No, they try to catch the ball when the batter hits it."

"Who's the batter?"

"If you didn't ask so many questions, I could explain it much better."

"All right, dear," she said. "I won't ask any more questions."

"Well, the pitcher throws the ball to the batter who tries to hit it. If he hits it to the shortstop—"

"Darling, I don't mean to ask any more questions, but who's the short-

stop?"

"He's the player who stands between second and third base and between home plate and the outfield, and he tries to get the ball—"

"Then, why do they need outfielders?"

"Just in case the shortstop misses it."

"Then if you have a good shortstop, you don't need an outfielder, huh?"

"Well you need them anyway to catch the flies."

"Flies? Does the team that catches the most flies win? It must be easy to cheat in baseball — you could take a whole box of flies out before the games begin."

"Not real flies. A fly ball is a ball that is hit 'way up in the

air with a bat."

"What's a bat?"

"A bat is a club that you hit the ball with."

"Is that all there is to the game? I don't think I like baseball. Let's go home. Darling, stop swinging that club—I mean bat—so close to my head. Stop, you knocked my hat off. Stop it, please—you'll muss my hair—stop you'll . . ."

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"We are putting one more on every day, until we find out how many are *too* many."

The girl was so bashful she took a bath in a bathing suit, and she blushed when she had to soap herself.

He wanted to be one of the four hundred, but the warden gave him No. 287.

Girl: I've got a new nick-name, "Ooka."

He: Ooka?

Girl: Yes, everyone addresses his letters to me with "Dear Pal—ooka."

Editor: We can't use this joke; it's too risqué.

Author: I'll toss you for it—double entendre or nothing.



THE WORDS THE OCEANS CAN'T DROWN OUT

"War is futile."

All the miles of oceans that separate us from Europe where war is being fought and from China where war is being fought, cannot drown out or submerge those words.

"War is futile."

It is a grim hoax on the people made to sacrifice for it, a killer of ideals as well as of men, a robber of the very freedom it pretends to uphold, a destroyer of the civilizations it purports to protect.

No one knows what new miseries the present wars will inflict upon hu-

manity. No one knows what new revolutions they will breed. No one even seems to have a clear idea of just what peace will bring, for when the confused peoples in warring countries ask for an explanation of war aims their confused leaders give them the fuzziest kind of answers.

If peace comes quickly enough, maybe that peace will be one that will really tend to prevent future wars. That's why we here in America should hope for the war to end soon--to end before we, too, succumb to the insanity. That's why we should do more

than hope--why we should *work* for peace.

World Peaceways consists of a group of people whose entire time is spent in *working for peace*. It is a non-profit, non-crackpot organization, that's striving with a purpose and a plan for keeping America out of this current version of Europe's centuries-old war. We need the help of every decent American who feels that in peace lies not only America's greatest hope, but the world's. Write to World Peaceways, Inc., 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

Texas Ranger . . .

Late Date

by Jimmy Craig

FRED was a graduate student at the University. Sometimes he graded exam papers for his professors. He was doing that tonight. Tonight he hated his job. He had had a date with Janey for 7:30 this evening. He had had to call her up and tell her that he would be a little late. "Don't expect me 'till 9:30," he had said. Janey had been a little peeved. She had even accused him of having a dinner date with some floozy. Fred had been hurt but he had talked Janey into waiting for him. And now he was grading blue books.

Suddenly Fred had a shock. He discovered that Janey had taken this exam. He looked over her book. She had failed. Absolutely. Fred felt weak. He had been working on Janey for so long. He had spent so much time on her. And money, too. He was just beginning to get places with her. He couldn't lose her now. But she was failing almost everything else. She had been counting on this course to keep her in school. Fred couldn't find twenty points on her paper.

Fred ground his red pencil between his teeth. He tore his hair. Then he locked the door. He pulled down the shades. He took out his fountain pen. He re-wrote Janey's blue book. It looked a little like her writing. Fred gave her an 80 per cent. He let the shade up. He unlocked the door. He spat out what was left of the red pencil and

finished correcting the blue books. He was late when he went to call for Janey.

The housemother gave him a funny look when he came in. The maid gave him a funny look when he asked her to call Janey. Janey gave him a most peculiar look when she finally came downstairs. She said the most peculiar things. She said, "My, you really must have been having fun. You really shouldn't have stopped for me. Don't bother to look me up again. You see, I don't believe in mixing lipsticks." Then she said, "Goodnight."

Fred looked in a mirror. He couldn't believe his eyes. That couldn't be lipstick all around his mouth. It wasn't. It was the dye from the same red pencil that he had used to give Janey the 80 per cent.

Taken from a freshman test paper: "A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins, and other super-natural characters."

—Pell-Mell

"But Ted, I didn't think there was a lab in the marriage course . . ."

—Jack-o-Lantern

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REPORTER'S YARN

... Temple Owl

I'LL never forget a story I covered about a year ago. Some guy was murdered, see . . .

A timid drizzle seeped softly outside of Pop's Tavern. We five district reporters were in a gabby mood. We were sitting around swapping tall stories over tall glasses—adventures we had had, stories we'd covered, the times we were almost killed trying to get a scoop.

"I'm joining your table, O. K.?"

We were so engrossed we hadn't noticed the tall grinning stranger approach our table.

"Sure. Pull up a chair," we invited him.

He smilingly complied. Then he shut up. He didn't say another word. Just sat there, with a smirkish smile. The rest of us kept talking.

"Say, by the way, are you a reporter?" I asked him.

"I was."

"Ever go through any adventures like we did?"

"Yeah, just one real exciting one."

"Tell us about it."

"Oh, all right," he said with a superior smile. "Remember Annie Bell, the show girl who was involved in that scandal with the mayor and his son two years ago? She was running around with the mayor's son and he was under the weather one night and blurted to her how his father managed to maintain a mansion and a butler and chauffeur and all the trimmings by graft. And then the mayor's son jilted Annie. So she called the editor of the paper I was working on and told him to send a good reporter because she had a sensational exposé.

"I interviewed her, and we ran a big front page story on it. Two days later, Annie Bell was found murdered."

"Boy, that's a swell story," one of us said. We all agreed.

Just then, it dawned on me. "Wait a minute. I remember that story. But the reporter who covered that interview with Annie Bell was also found murdered. How come you . . .?"

The stranger smiled. "I was the reporter. And I was murdered."

We stared at him. The guy must be nuts. "But you . . .," I gulped.

His smile broadened.

"Now I'm a ghost writer," he said.

He: "Lovely corsage you are wearing."

She (perturbed): "I'll have you know my figure is natural."

—Sundial

Joe: "Got something in your eye?"
 Tom: "No, just trying to look through my thumb."

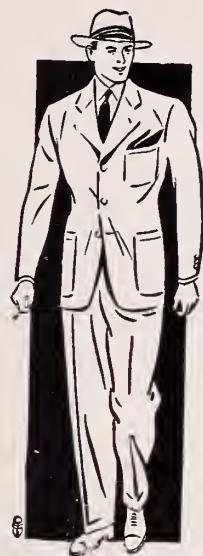
—Mad Hatter

"What are you doing with your socks on wrong side out?"

"My feet got hot so I decided to turn the hose on them."

—Brown Jug





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